

CUMBERLAND'S

No. 150 MINOR THEATRE. 6d.

BEING A COMPANION TO

Cumberland's British Theatre.

OUR VILLAGE,

OR, THE LOST SHIP:

A Domestic Burletta,

IN THREE ACTS,

BY LEMAN REDE, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With Remarks, by D.—G.

A Description of the Costume, cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Performers, and the whole of the Stage Business, as now performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a
FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,
from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre

by

MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

Shakespeare

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- 59 Charles the Second
- 60 The Fair Penitent
- 61 George Barnwell
- 62 Fall of Algiers
- 63 Der Freischutz

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- 65 Shepherd of Derwent Vale
- 66 Father and Son
- 67 Wives as they were
- 68 Loly Projects
- 69 Every Man in his Humour
- 70 Two Galley Slaves

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- 72 Ali Pacha
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- 74 Henry the Fifth
- 75 Love in humble life
- 76 Child of Nature
- 77 Sleep Walker

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- 78 Orestes in Argos
- 79 Hide and Seek
- 80 Tribulation
- 81 Rival Valets
- 82 Roses and Thorns
- 83 Midas [a Wife
- 84 Rule a Wife & have

VOL. XIII. [wife]

- 85 A Bold Stroke for a
- 86 Good-natured Man
- 87 Oberon
- 88 Lord of the Manor
- 89 Honey-Moon
- 90 Doctor Bolus [Stairs
- 91 High Life Below

VOL. XIV.

- 92 Disagreeable Sur-
- 93 Stranger [prise
- 94 Village Lawyer
- 95 School for Scandal
- 96 Spoiled Child
- 97 Animal Magnetism
- 98 Wheel of Fortune

VOL. XV.

- 99 The Critic
- 100 Deaf and Dumb
- 101 Castle Spectre
- 102 The Revenge
- 103 Midnight Hour
- 104 Speed the Plough
- 105 Rosina

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- 107 Comedy of Errors
- 108 Spectre Bridegroom
- 109 A Cure for the Heart-ache
- 110 Amateurs & Actors

VOL. XVII.

- 111 Inkle and Yarico
- 112 Education
- 113 Children in the wood
- 114 Rendezvous [wood
- 115 Barbarossa
- 116 Gambler's Fate
- 117 Giovanni in Lond.
- 118 School of Reform,
- 119 Lovers' Vows

VOL. XVIII.

- 120 Highland Reel
- 121 Two Gentlemen of Verona
- 122 Taming the Shrew
- 123 Secretsworthknow-
- 124 Weathercock[ing
- 125 Sominambulist[well
- 126 All's well that ends,

VOL. XXV.

- 127 Artaxerxes
- 128 The Serf
- 129 The Lancers
- 130 Love for Love
- 131 The Merchant's Wedding
- 132 Race for a Dinner
- 133 Raising the Wind

VOL. XXIX.

- 134 Siege of Belgrade
- 135 Who wants a Gui-
- 136 Poor Soldier[nea
- 137 Midsummer nights Dream [ried
- 138 Way to get mar-
- 139 Turnpike Gate
- 140 Paul and Virginia

VOL. XXVI.

- 141 The Cabinet,
- 142 Youthful Queen
- 143 Green-eyedmonster
- 144 Country Giri
- 145 Irish Tutor
- 146 Beaux' Stratagem
- 147 The Will

VOL. XXVII.

- 148 Irishman in London
- 149 Recruiting Officer
- 150 The Slave
- 151 Devil's Elixir
- 152 " Master's Rival"
- 153 The Duel
- 154 William Tell

VOL. XXIII.

- 155 Tom Thumb [Life
- 156 Happiest day of my
- 157 Fatality [can,
- 158 Laugh when you
- 159 William Thomson
- 160 Illustrious Stranger
- 161 Soldier's Daughter
- 162 The Waterman
- 163 Town & Country

VOL. XXIV.

- 164 No Song no Supper
- 165 Lock and Key
- 166 Snakes in the grass

VOL. XXX.

- 167 Love law & L
- 168 Rienzi
- 169 Clari
- 170 The Brigand
- 171 Riches.
- 172 The Citizen
- 173 Grecian Da
- 174 Charles XI.
- 175 Teddy the T
- 176 Popping the
- tion
- 177 Maid of Juda
- 178 X, Y, Z.
- 179 Oroonoko
- 180 Honest Thie
- 181 Blind Boy
- 182 Notoriety
- 183 Matrimony
- 184 Husband at
- 185 First of April
- 186 John of Paris
- 187 Miller&hisn
- 188 Prisoner at I
- 189 Timon of At
- 190 The Prize

VOL. XXVI.

- 191 Henry IV. Pt
- 192 Forty Thieve
- 193 My Grandmo
- 194 The Vampire
- 195 The Farmer
- 196 Ella Rosenbe
- 197 The Two Frie
- 198 Valentine & C
- 199 Folly as it Fl

VOL. XXVIII.

- 200 The Robber's
- 201 Magpie or the
- 202 Shakspeare's
- Days
- 203 Point of Hon
- 204 High ways &
- 205 Ice Witch [
- 206 St. Patrick's
- 207 Blind Bargain
- 208 Robinson Cru

VOL. XXIX.

- 209 Maid of Hon
- 210 Sleeping Dra
- 211 Timour the T
- 212 Modern Anti
- 213 King Richard
- 214 Mrs. Wiggins
- 215 Comfortable I
- 216 The Exile, Is.
- 217 Day after the
- 218 Adopted Chi

VOL. XXXI.

- 219 The Bride of
- 220 Tekeli [ga
- 221 Old and Y
- 222 Bee-Hive
- 223 Hartford Bri
- 224 Two strings to
- 225 Haunted Lu



R. Cruikshank, Del.

Our Village.

Tom. Did you call?

Sne. Did I call! can't you say "sir," when you address a gentleman?

Act I. Scene 2.

OUR VILLAGE,

OR, THE LOST SHIP.

A DOMESTIC BURLETTA,

In Three Acts,

BY LEMAN REDE, Esq.

*Author of The Loves of the Angels—Sixteen-String Jock—Jack in the Water—
Life's a Lottery—an Affair of Honour—His First Champagne—The Irish
Nigger—The Frolics of the Fairies—Hero and Leander, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

From a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND THAMES STREET.

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REMARKS.

Our Village; or, the Lost Ship.

RURAL scenery has ever been a favourite theme with the poet and the painter. The one has described it with all the beauties of diction and sentiment; the other portrayed it in lively colours, sparkling with the morning dews, glowing with the setting sun, melting away in the lovely twilight, or silvered by the pale moon and the countless stars! Yet neither the poem nor the landscape has done justice to the glorious original,—for who can paint like nature? Her works baffle the highest ingenuity of man. The village is rife with pleasing associations,—the village pastor, the village church and churchyard, the village green, that reverend and dreaded dame, and that pragmatical pedagogue the village schoolmistress and schoolmaster! the bustling village doctor, the village lawyer, the village barber, (a locomotive news-monger!) the village pound for strayed cattle, and the village stocks for refractory clowns!—are familiar objects. Then the ancient road side inn, or village ale-house, “The Old King’s Head”—“The Rodney Arms”—or “The Admiral Benbow,” with their respective effigies—the crowned head, resplendent with faded scarlet and gold—and the bluff seaman, with his true blue, tarnished epaulettes, weather-beaten cheeks, flaring eye, and copper nose! The village host, too, was a round rubicund merry functionary; and the village hostess, wife or widow, though consequential and stately, was withall, good-humoured and obliging. Even the village poor-house (unlike the modern “Union” pandemoniums!) was not an unsightly edifice; and the village alms-houses, with their well-cultivated little gardens, looked smiling and happy! All these were once peculiar to the village; which had its dark side, too—its drunkards, idlers, &c.; but such were marked characters, shunned and pitied for their vices;—the village, irrespective of them, was a compact and well-ordered community, cheerful in its social relations, and each member of it dependent on his neighbour for friendly offices, and kindly intercourse. But the old-fashioned village is, in the present day, metamorphosed into a rail-road station, and its interesting peculiarities are wholly and irretrievably destroyed.

There are three characters, of very opposite natures, that, more especially, were wont to visit the village of the olden time. The first was the absentee landlord and town rake, who, satiated with the excitements of the gay metropolis, retired thither to brow-beat his steward, rack-rent his tenants, and achieve a cowardly victory over humble virtue whom poverty or strong temptation had placed in his power. The second was the money-grub, who, having made the town too hot to hold him, sought an obscure retreat wherein to quiet his troubled conscience; a hiding-place from the pointed finger of scorn:—and the third was the honest citizen, who having, in early youth, sought his fortune in the busy world, and found it; returned to the home of his childhood to pass, in deeds of charity, the winter of his days; and to lay his bones in the humble sepulchre of his fathers. To him—or to such a kindred spirit—perchance, that goodly row of almshouses owe their foundation and support.

This drama opens merrily. The villagers are assembled to hail, with song, danee, and good cheer, the seventieth birthday of the benevolent Lord Mornington. The fun is heightened by the grotesque marriage of the widow Watkins to one Hobson his lordship's bailiff, an ill-conditioned churl, of whom nobody speaks well. Their joy, however, is suddenly turned to sorrow by the news of my lord's unexpected decease; and their sympathies are keenly awakened when Florence Halliday, his illegitimate daughter, rushes distractedly on the scene. A mournful history belongs to this lady.—She had been nursed in luxury, but having married a young smuggler Jaek Halliday, the earl discarded her; and Jaek, subsequently reduced to beggary, meets a violent death, in which one Bill Bowyer, a sottish outcast of the village, is supposed to have had a hand. In a moment of phrenzy, over the mangled corpse of her husband, she cursed her pitiless father, and swore never to forgive him! It was in vain that he since offered her his protection and support; she refused to see him or to accept his bounty—dwelling in a mean hut on the beach, and wandering about half-crazed and broken hearted.

The old earl is hardly entombed, ere his nephew the young one visits "Our Village," in order to take possession of his mansion and estates. He is accompanied by a valet, one Sneakey, a whiskered rascalion. But my lord has another errand besides that of taking possession; it is, to seduce Fanny Grantham the daughter of one of his tenants, who had indignantly spurned his dishonourable proposals when she chanced to meet him in London, before he became the unworthy Lord of Caversham.

Mr. Sneakey had broached the benign intentions of his master to an old acquaintance, an inmate of the "Star and Garter," Tom Tulloch. Tom, a rough diamond, all over in love with Miss Polly Marygold, listens with staring eyes and open mouth to the diabolical detail: and Mr. Sneaky's pestilent earcase is more than once in jeopardy from Tom's honest resentment! This does not escape the recreant's penetration; and as Tom, who knows his early history, is likely to prove a somewhat inconvenient biographer, it occurs to Mr. Sneakey that, as there are plenty of ships in the harbour, it may be politic to select Tom for her majesty's service. This is soon accomplished, and the lover of Miss Marygold is pressed and hurried off to sea.

A year passes away, and "Our Village" goes all to rack and ruin. The new earl had turned Fanny's father and every tenant off his land; Widow Halliday had wandered no one knew whither; and Polly had taken herself off to London. At this juncture the Rattlesnake arrives at Portsmouth, bringing home Tom Tulloch, and the long-lost son of the widow, now a smart lieutenant, and about to become the husband of Fanny! At the "Shark and Compasses," where Tom is regaling himself, he once more encounters Mr. Sneakey, to whom he tells some tough yarns; in the midst of which he receives from Dabchick, a nondescript tapster, the unwelcome intelligence, that his captain having been suddenly summoned to the locker of Davy Jones, Lieutenant Halliday was appointed to the vacant command, with orders to sail immediately. Thus is Tom again afloat—aye, and for seven long years!

After this weary absence, behold Captain Halliday and the ubiquitous Tom again at "Our Village!" The Captain's motive is to seek out his widowed mother; and Tom's is to hunt up his locomotive Polly. A sad change has been wrought in the health and fortunes of Lord Mornington; dissipation and the dice-board have well-nigh ruined both; and to crown his humiliation, Mr. Hobson (who, by the bye, has caught a tartar in the Widow Watkins!) makes him this modest proposal—That being in possession of the important secret that Captain Halliday is heir to the Caversham title and estates; (his

mother being the legitimate, not, as was supposed, base-born child of the old earl) this secret (unknown, as he imagines, to everybody but himself) he (Mr. Hobson) promises to keep most religiously, provided my lord will condescend to metamorphose his only daughter Maid Marian into My Lady Marlington!

Florence Halliday returns to the ruined village. But Mr. Hobson and his myrmidons are on the look out—No panper shall lie down and die in *their* parish! She must “Move on!”—and he is about to coerce her into obedience, when the captain enters; offers the poor suppliant relief; and after some mutual explanations, he discovers in her the beloved object of his anxious search.

In the meantime Tom and his shipmate Tramp had agreed to knock at every door in London until they found Polly Marigold! They have finished one street; and might have proceeded with their interminable job, had not the identical Polly, very meanly clad, entered singing ballads, in her vocation of itinerant melodist. Tom instantly recognises the voice; a broadside of kisses ensues; she is extemporaneously rigged *a-la-mode* at an adjoining slop-shop; and it remains only for the ring to be bought, the parson to be bespoke, and then, hey for the bridal!

Lord Mornington rejects Mr. Hobson’s terms; resigns his possessions to their right owner; and receives from him a liberal provision in return. The mystery of Florence Halliday’s birth is satisfactorily cleared up—Hobson, being identified as the murderer of poor Jack, is in a fair way of being hanged—Tom is spliced to his darling Polly—and, under happier auspices, “Our Village” promises once more to be the cheerful and contented spot it was in the “Olden Time.”

Tom Tulloch was played at the Olympic by Mr. Wild with his accustomed hearty jollity; and Mr. John Douglas, at the Mary-le-bone theatre, was not much behind him in eccentricity and fun. Sneakey lost none of his foppish rascality in the hands of Mr. Rogers; and Mr. M. Howard (a denizen of St. Mary) was very entertaining in the part. The other characters were well acted; and the reception of “Our Village” was such, that Mr. Leman Rede had to congratulate himself on the production of another successful drama.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means Right: L. Left: C. Centre: R.C. Right of Centre; L.C. Left of centre; D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C.D.F. Centre Door in the Flat: R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat: L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door: S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; C. D. Centre Door.

* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Cast of the Characters.

As performed at the Metropolitan Theatres.

	<i>Olympic.</i>	<i>Mary-le-bone.</i>
<i>Earl of Marlington</i>	Mr. C. Baker.	Mr. Harrington.
<i>Grantham</i>	Mr. Scott.	Mr. G. Pennett.
<i>Giles</i>	Mr. Bologna.	Mr. Robberds.
<i>Tramp</i>	Mr. Turnour.	Mr. Merchant.
<i>Bill Bowyer</i>	Mr. Searle.	Mr. Potterly.
<i>Tom Tulloch</i>	Mr. G. Wild.	Mr. John Douglas.
<i>Sam</i>	Master Hill.	
<i>Sneakey</i>	Mr. Rogers.	Mr. M. Howard.
<i>Lieutenant Halliday</i>	Mr. Fitzjames.	Mr. Lickford.
<i>Hobson</i>	Mr. Brookes.	Mr. D. Lewis.
<i>Florence Halliday</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Campbell.
<i>Fanny Grantham</i>	Miss. L. Melville.	Mrs. Robberds.
<i>Polly Marigold</i>	Miss Lebatt.	Miss Laporte.
<i>Jenny</i>	Miss Granby.	Miss Robberds.
<i>Mrs. Hobson</i>		Mrs. Lickford.

Sailors, Villagers, &c.

Costume.

EARL OF MARLINGTON.—Fashionable green dress coat—figured waistcoat—white cravat—light brown pantaloons—hessian boots—black hat.

GRANTHAM.—Drab coat—breeches, with striped gaiters—waistcoat—black hat.

TRAMP.—Countryman's blue coat—striped waistcoat—drab breeches and gaiters—black hat.

BILL BOWYER—Countryman's ragged drab coat—brown waistcoat—soiled leather breeches—gray stockings—shoes—black hat.

TOM TULLOCH.—*First dress:* White jacket—velveteen breeches—striped waistcoat—white stockings—boots. *Second dress:* Blue jacket, trimmed with white—blue trowsers—blue stockings—blue shirt—glazed hat, with ribbon—shoes, &c.

SNEAKEY.—*First dress:* Green fashionable dress coat—blue figured waistcoat—white breeches—top boots—white hat. *Second dress:* Fashionable white coat—white leather breeches—blue waistcoat—top boots—black hat, &c.

LIEUTENANT HALLIDAY.—Naval uniform.

HOBSON.—Light brown coat and waistcoat—black breeches—white wig—stockings—shoes, with buckles.

FLORENCE HALLIDAY.—Widow's dress—crape scarf.

OUR VILLAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Corn Field—the sheafs up.—Time, Mid-day.*

JENNY, TRAMP, GILES, GRANTHAM, and Villagers, discovered, &c., enjoying their repast.

CHORUS.—AIR, “See ye swains.”

Yellow harvest smiles around ;
Health and peace and joy abound ;
Pleasure fills a brimming glass ;
Every lad shall toast his lass.

Men. Here's to mine, and here's to thine,—
Wherefore should we fret or pine ?

Chorus. Yellow harvest, &c.

Jen. Arter all, work be a famous thing ; it makes one so pure and pleasant.

Tramp. A chap as won't work doesn't ought to be kept.

Giles. P'raps that's the reason why so many o' they idle chaps gets country to keep 'em.

Tramp. And much good may it do 'em. I never knew an idler that was happy yet,—look at Bill Bower,—it's a sort of feast, 'cause it's the old lord's birthday, and he crawls here for what he can get—ugh !

Giles. Well, well, another time, lad ;—never tell a man o' his faults when he's hungry.

Tramp. Can't bear to see it, I tell you : Bill spent every penny his old father scraped up, ruined his widowed mother and his half-sister, and now, he's a beggar where he might ha' been a squire.

Giles. Quiet, I say ; he is a beggar—that's hard lines. Then ain't there plenty to-day for he and fifty beside ?

Tramp. Why, if Jenny ain't giving him money ! [Calling loudly.] Jane, I say ! Jane !—So theest throwing away money on yon scamp ! Why, you know he's not spoken to by any a man in the village.

Jen. The more reason he should be pitied by a woman, poor cretur!—He says he ain't slept in a bed for a fortnight.

Tramp. He don't deserve to sleep in a bed at all.

Gran. [Coming forward.] Tramp, if none but those who deserved it slept in a bed, how many would have to trust to that counterpane that covers every sin.

Omnes. Aye, aye, Master Grantham.

Gran. But come, lads,—to-day's a day of jollity; our noble master has reached his seventieth year,—I've been his tenant forty-six on 'em; a better landlord never man knew. Fill, lads—aye, to the brim.

Omnes. The Earl of Marlington!

[They drink.]

Bill. The Earl of—

Tramp. [Knocking the cup down.] Out with ye! your hand is in every man's cup.—How dare you come here?

Bill. Where am I to go? workhouse won't have me;—who'll give work to poor drunken Bill Bowyer?—and for what? 'cause I've been taken up, and tried. Well, I was acquitted, warn't I?

Tramp. Yes, you were acquitted; but everybody felt you were guilty.

Gran. Hush—hush! a jury said no—not guilty—not guilty all the world over. [Handing the jug.] Here, Bill!

Jen. And here, Bill. [Giving him bread and meat.] Here's summat to relish it.

Bill. Bless your bright eyes! I could light my pipe at 'em I could.

[Retires up, c.

Gran. Where are the rest of our merry-makers? I don't see Tom Tulloch.

Tramp. It's busy day at "Star and Garter," and I suppose Tom can't get leave.

Bill. I warrant me he does though. He's to meet Polly Marigold, which is one thing; and, moreover, he promised, in honour of the day, to bring a can of flip, which is another.

Polly. [Singing without.]

"To the fields I carry my milking pails
All in the morning early."

Giles. Ha! here's Polly.

Enter POLLY MARIGOLD, L. U. E.

Gran. Welcome to thee, lass! Hast seen ought of Tom?

Polly. I wish that young fellow was with me just now, "On a may-day morning early."

Gran. Always merry, Polly—always singing.

Polly. Yes, old uncle says I was born with a singing in my head. But ah! girls, what do you think? I've such news! Who do you suppose is married?

Jen. Betty at the "Three Pigeons."

Kate. Old Morris's daughter.

Sally. That squinting-eyed upstart cretur at old Ferrett's?

Polly. No, no, no! but such a wedding! and not far away either. What do you say to Widow Watkins?

Gran. Why, she's had three husbands already.

Tramp. And who's the fourth fool?

Polly. Old Hobson.

Omnes. What!

Gran. My lord's under-bailiff.

Polly. The same. It was all kept snug and cosey; no one knew, and this very morning at Caversham church they were married—so—[*Singing.*]

Hey let us all to the bridal,
For there'll be tilting there;
Old Hobson has gone and got married
To sweet Widow Watkins the fair.

Jen. Four husbands! Dont'ee now think that a shame, while so many poor girls can't get one,—and main good-looking girls, too.

Polly. But here, boys and girls—come here. The old lady thought she'd have the first of the laugh; so, knowing that we had a little feasting here on my lord's birthday, down she's coming, dizened out in her bride's clothes.

Jen. Four husbands! Well, I do wonder how she manages it! [Boys shout without.]

Enter SAM, L. U. E.

Sam. Here she comes! it beats cockfighting hollow!—Hurrah!

Omnes. Hurrah!

Enter MRS. HOBSON, L. U. E., and Servants bringing in liquor.

Mrs. H. Well, friends and neighbours, and you, and you, and all of you,—come, I've ordered something to make you merry. What, Mr. Grantham! you'll wish me joy, I'm sure.

Gran. That will I; though it be the fourth time on similar occasions.

Mrs. H. Fie, fie! how can you bring up the tender re-

collections of the poor dear fellows ! [Crying.] Well, they are best where they are. [Sam laughs.] What are you grinning at, jackanapes ?

Gran. Well, widow—psha ! Mrs. Hobson, I mean—I give you joy. [Sam and others hand round liquor, brought in by the Servants, with Mrs. Hobson.] We were drinking the health of my lord ; you'll join in that I'm sure.

Mrs. H. Aye, that will I. Let's see,—why, it's full—hem ! well, no matter. How many years ago when my poor Hartley was courting me, and I was a mere child at the time.

Polly. [To Jenny.] Hartley ! Spouse Number one !

Mrs. H. There was junketting ! eh, neighbour ?

Gran. The day my lord came of age. Aye, aye, that was a day ! I was then a lusty youth, all health and vigour —gay as a lark—swift as a deer—and you—you widow—Mistress, I mean—you were pretty then.

Bill. [Aside.] That must be a precious long time ago.

Gran. Talking of days, do you remember the rejoicing there was on my lord's wedding-day ?

Mrs. H. I do, I do : that was about the time when poor dear Dilberry came to solace me in my widowhood.

Polly. Dilberry ! Spouse Number two !

Gran. I mind that day well. What a great awful lady the countess was.

Mrs. H. Too grand by half,—a proud, disdainful—

Gran. Hush ! she's gone long years since ; and 'taint for us to judge and condemn the dead.

Mrs. H. Well, I suppose we may condemn the living ; and I do say that my lord's marrying that proud Frenchified madam, and deserting poor Mary Morrison, was a burning shame.

Gran. Done, will ye !—It was all his relation's doings, and formed the one great error of his life ;—it should be forgotten now, when, for near fifty years, he's been the poor man's friend.

Mrs. H. Well, I can't forget it ; I see her now, poor thing, pining away—till at last she died of a broken heart. My poor, dear, deceased Watkins buried her !

Polly. Watkins ! Spouse Number three !

Gran. Well, didn't my lord do all he could—at least, all my lady would let him do, for her child ?

Mrs. H. And what came of it ? The girl married that scamping, smuggling fellow, Jack Halliday.

Bill. [Angrily.] Who speaks of Jack Halliday? That's been thrown in my teeth twice to-day.

Gran. Silence, man! How he died heaven best knows; we throw no blame on you; you were tried amid the rest; if you didn't bring the subject up, no one else would.

Tramp. Conscience brings it up. Everybody knows that Jack was suspected of turning snitch upon his smuggling companions; Bill was one of them. What, it sobered you, does it? You know you darn't walk through churchyard where he is, or touch tombstone that tells of his foul murder.

Bill. [Rushing at Tramp.] I dare do bolder things!—

[*The Countrymen restrain him.*

Mrs. H. Aye, well, bad beginnings have bad endings.— Mary Morrison's daughter made a bad match of it: her husband was killed, and her boy either murdered or carried away that very night. Poor soul! no wonder it crazed her.

Gran. You talk like the rest. Florence Halliday, poor widowed, childless creature, is no more crazed than thou art.

Mrs. H. Not crazed? Hasn't she refused my lord's bounty? has she not for twenty years refused to see him—her—her own father? doesn't she live in a hut on the beach, when she might be almost mistress of the castle?

Gran. My lord was maddened at her marriage; his discarding her reduced Jack Halliday to beggary, drove him to evil courses, and he met his death heaven knows how. Over the mangled corpse of poor Jack she swore never in life to forgive her father's cruelty.

Mrs. H. And a very wicked thing it was to do; she ought to have loved her father.

Gran. So she did; but she loved her husband better than some women do, Mistress Hobson. [Crosses to R.

Polly. Hurrah! here comes Tom Tulloch.

Giles. Aye, and with lots of comfort, too.

Tom. [Without, l. u. e.] Now see if you can't upset that again, young strike-a-light, will you?

Sam. [Without.] Well, I didn't go to do it.

Tom. [Without.] Go to do it! but you did do it.

Enter Tom Tulloch and Sam, l. u. e.—*Reapers, Lads and Lasses get around Sam, and hide a grand prize for centre, which sinks, and a slider covers over the place.*

Tom. Ah! Kate, how dost do?—Madge—hey, Polly love! [To Jenny.] Ah, sweet lips!

Jen. Sweet lips! Thee doan't know whether they be sweet or not.

Tom. Don't I? Well, I will soon.

[Attempts to kiss her.]

Mrs. H. [Interposing.] I cannot allow such disgusting familiarities.

Tom. Well, I'm sure! [Whistles.] Seeing you've had three husbands, I should think you allowed it often enough. But I say a harmless kiss isn't disgusting.

Polly. & Jenny. } Certainly not—hem! [They retire up, r.]

Tom. And let me tell you, Widow Watkins—

Mrs. H. Widow Watkins! Mrs. Hobson, sir!—you'll remember for the future I am the bride of Mr. Hobson!

Tom. Well, you may be Hobson's choice, but I'm hanged if you'd be mine!

Polly. So, Tom, you have managed to get away.

Tom. Yes, and a hard job I had to do it. Master's an old skinflint—makes me do everything: I'm ostler, waiter, barman,—I suppose he'll want to make me chambermaid soon.

Polly. I should like to see that. What a bungler you'd be with a warming-pan.

Tom. Yes, I should be a better hand at a frying-pan. Talking of frying-pans, Sam's brought lots of bub and grub. The "Star and Garter" may hop for me, for we'll have a jolly night of it! Here's Bill Bower can scrape a bit on the fiddle—can't you, Bill?

Bill. Aye, Thomas, I can; but—

Tom. I know; popped it last night at the "Flying Horseman" for a pint of gin, a dab, a soger, and a half-penny buster. [Taking the fiddle from his basket.] I took it out of pawn.

Gran. I'll send my lads down with the boards and trespasses. Meantime, as Hobson won't come, Tom, you will lead off with the bride.

Polly. [Going up, r.] Well, I'm sure!

Tom. I say, she's caught four of 'em—I'm not going to be Number five.

Gran. Come, it will please the old one, Tom.

[They retire up, expostulating.]

Mrs. H. I really have a great mind, though I don't know what Mr. Hobson will say, if he comes to know I've been dancing; and the young fellows now-a-days are so presuming!

Polly. Oh ! but Mr. Hobson, when they learn that you have blessed—[*Singing.*]

Another with your heart,
They'll bid expiring passions cease,
And act a brother's part.

Gran. That's right, Polly ; a cup, a song, and a merry dance to follow. [Exit, R., and Sam, L.

DUETT AND CHORUS.—AIR, “*Fie let us.*”

Polly. Foot it away to the fiddle,

Frolicksome, careless, and gay ;

Tom. Hands across, then up the middle,

Odds hang it ! I'll show you the way.

Polly. Yield not to sleep or to vapours,

A bridal day's given to glee ;

Tom. So, if you're for cutting of capers,

Odds ! hang it, ma'am ! cut 'em with me !

Chorus. Foot it away to the fiddle,

All frolicksome, careless, and gay ;

As life is at best but a riddle,

We'll merrily laugh it away.

Polly. Jenny, such glances she throws out,

Poor Bobby can never withstand ;

Tom. So Bobby, my lad, turn your toes out,

And take the dear lass by the hand.

Polly. Come, come, Master Tom, you're a bold one,

So lead without further delay ;

Tom. Odds, hang it ! here goes for the old one—

Dear ma'am, let us trip it away.

Chorus. Aye, foot it away, &c.

THE OLD CUSHION DANCE.

[*Tom, who has in the dance kissed Mrs. Hobson, comes in turn to Polly, L., and with Mrs. Hobson and a Countryman, R.—after the first verse, skips across with Mrs. Hobson and back to L.—Polly and a Countryman do the same—after the second verse, Tom and Countryman stop on the opposite side, letting Mrs. Hobson and Polly advance together in lines, set, and turn round, hands four across, ditto, and back again—first couple cast off each side, and come down the middle, (slap,) cushion thrown, Mrs. Hodson dodges, Tom follows, catches*

her, she kneels on the cushion, Tom kisses her—all laugh—Mrs. Hodson retires—the same again with Polly for partner—at the end of the kiss, they all join hands, and wind Polly and Tom up, and then unwind.—A bell tolls three times without.

Re-enter GRANTHAM, R., pale and agitated.

Gran. Nae more sports, lads, nae more sports !

Giles. What's come now ?

Gran. Death has come ; the news is all over the village ; our good, kind, noble master is no more. [Chord.—Tableau.] Peace to his soul ! the poor man's friend claims the poor man's blessing !

Re-enter SAM, hastily, L.

Sam. Run for your life, 'Tom ; company's coming to house, and master's swearing his very head off. [Exit, L.]

Tom. So he may ; he'll do as well without it as with it. Bye, bye, Polly ; one kiss.

Polly. [Crying.] Not now—not now, Tom.

Tom. Well, my heart's sunk into my heels. Poor old earl, gone at last ! I could cry too. if I had time.

Sam. [Calling without.] Tom ! Tom Tulloch !

Tom. Coming ! Drat "Star and Garter!"—Coming !

[Exit, L.]

Enter FANNY GRANTHAM, R. U. E.

Fan. Father, my dear father ! hither comes poor widow Halliday, maddened by the news of the earl's death.

Bill. [Aside.] Aye ! I can't—I can't meet her !

[Rushes off, L.]

Fan. Soothe her, father ; I speak in vain ; your words have power over her.

Polly and Jenny run off, R. U. E., and re-enter with FLORENCE HALLIDAY.

Flo. (c.) Don't breathe to me—his breath is hushed for ever—another torn away—the parent root uptorn—husband—child—father ! Why am I left to mourn and whither on ?

Fan. Remember, 'tis His will.

Flo. Remember ! 'Tis my curse to remember. I had a husband, others saw his errors, he had none to me ; they slaughtered him—I remember that ! I had a son, gone, I know not whither ! To be knowledgeless of my boy's fate is worse than death—that too, I remember !

Fan. Dear Florence, remember you the lessons you

taught me in my childhood? When the lightning struck the oak at Caversham, you bade me mark that He who gave life unto the tree, gave power to the thunderbolt—that 'twas ours to suffer, not to question.

Flo. Ah! I was a calm spectator then, I looked on desolation—now I feel it; I am that blasted tree, crushed root and trunk—branch and bough.

Omnes. Nay, nay, widow—calm thee, now—calm thee!

Gran. Let her weep; let her weep. Heaven sends us griefs, but yields us tears to solace them.

[*Fanny enfolds Florence, and as she recovers gazes tenderly on her.*]

Flo. Fanny Grantham, from infancy you've been as a child to me. Now mark a sinner's words!—[*To Polly and Jenny*]—and you, and you! One thing weighs upon my heart, heavier, aye, far heavier than a child's loss—a husband's murder! Girls, ye are not like me, children of shame; you can look upon your fathers with pride, on your mothers, and blush not! I—I—(years gone when I was a prattling, sinless child; they jeered me for it) I was a wanton's daughter—a poor girl's sin and shame—a rich lord's youthful error.

Gran. These recollections wear and madden thee.

Flo. No, farmer, no; to be mad is to be happy, for madness is the grave of memory. I mind the past too well. To you girls I speak the words of warning:—I wedded against my father's will; he cast me forth; want, sorrow came. [*To Grantham.*] One tempestuous morn I saw my husband's bleeding corse upon the beach; my child was borne away, nor ever heard I of my heart's hope more; in the frenzy of that bitter moment, I cursed my father! [*All turn away from her with horror.*] Aye, shrink from me—do—all fly from Florence Halliday. I cursed him as the cause of all my sorrows—cursed him with the deep vengeance of a bereaved and spirit-broken woman.

Gran. He forgave thee, Florence—he forgave thee—sent thee gold—wept for thee—sought to see thee—

Flo. And I spurned him thence! My own father prayed to me, and I, his living flesh, refused to hear him. Mark me! mark me, a soul-despairing woman,—the measure of whose agony is full! Is it not—is it not written, “Honour thy father, and thy mother?”—The cold grave had her long years ago—and now, the white-haired old man, that knelt to me, has gone down to the tomb with the curse of his wicked child upon him! [*The bell tolls with-*

out—they approach her—she throws them off.] Father of my blood—forgive thy child!

[*She falls in a swoon.—Music.—Tableau, and the scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the “Star and Garter”—three chairs brought on.*

Enter SNEAKEY, L., followed by SAM.

Sne. [*Sitting, r. c.*] It is a fact, that of all the demmed countries I ever travelled in, this is the demdest. Where are your waiters, rascal?

Sam. Our what's?

Sne. Your what's, you!—Disappear! Send boots, waiter, cook, chambermaid!

Sam. [*Aside.*] Oh! don't I wish he may get 'em!

[*Exit, L.*

Sne. Here we are to take possession. Prospect pleasant! process demnable! That confounded horse has jolted me to a jelly.

Enter TOM TULLOCH, L.

Tom. Did you call?

Sne. Did I call! Can't you say “sir,” when you address a gentleman?

Tom. (L.) I does when I addresses a gentleman, but here it's all t'other.

Sne. You're demned impertinent, sir! Ah! you may well look terrified, for I've a great mind to horsewhip you.

Tom. Horsewhip me! That's a man's job, spindleshanks. Hark ye! they say it takes nine tailors to make a man. Why, hang me, it 'nd take eighteen of you!

Sne. Where is the demned bell? I'll ring for the landlord, and have you extirpated from the hotel.

[*Rises, and walks up and down.*

Tom. Now, don't flurry your little top-boots, Master Barnabus Sneakey.

Sne. [*Aside.*] Gracious Providence! the creature will discover my incognitoes. [*Aloud.*] Who are you, man?

Tom. Tom Tulloch, waiter; used to be at the “Bear and Ragged Staff,” Smithfield, when you were a cross between an errand-boy and a foreman to old Swizzle, the one-eyed tailor of Turnmill-street.

Sne. [*Aside.*] He knows my baptismal appellations,

and my early associations. [Aloud.] Thomas, come here, Thomas.

Tom. Tom's my name. "Tom, t'other pint, and I'll pay you on Saturday"—one and eightpence three fardens.

Sne. I confess it, it is a fact.

Tom. And sevenpence ha'penny which you'd run up with the poor hot plumb-pudding woman afore you bolted.

Sne. I don't deny it.

Tom. Don't deny it! But you don't pay it.

Sne. There's half-a-crown; keep the difference.

Tom. I means it.

Sne. And now, Tom, I want to unbosom myself.

Tom. What!

Sne. Things has changed. I'm now confidential attendant upon the Earl of Marlington.

Tom. What, the new one?

Sne. It is a fact,—nephew of the late earl, and heir to his riches. I met his lordship abroad—in fact, at Paris.

Tom. I heard you'd been sent abroad, but I didn't think it was to Paris.

Sne. Thomas, bygones are bygones. You wouldn't betray an old acquaintance?

Tom. What, split? not I! Didn't I always take your part agin the drovers when they was sarcy?

Sne. Thomas, you did; and I'm grateful. What sort of a place have you of it here?

Tom. Queer—makes nothing a quarter, and lives on it. The old inn's like a wrecked vessels, ship's company reduced to captain, one man, and a boy. [Calling off.] Here, Sam!

Re-enter SAM, L.—Tom whispers him.—Exit Sam. L.

Sne. What is the meaning of that pantomimic display?

Tom. Deaf and dumb talk of my own invention, meaning brandy and water, hot, strong, and sweet.

Re-enter SAM with brandy and water, L.

Cut—strike a light. [Sitting.] Squat, Sneakey.

Sam. Sneakey! Oh cry! what a name! [Exit, L.]

Sne. [Sitting, r. c.] You have betrayed me, Thomas, you have betrayed me: in my lord's family I'm known only as Adolphus Ricardo.

Tom. Adolphus Kickhardo! I'll remember. I'll stop Sam's snag. So now, Adolphus, up and tell us all and how. [Offering the glass.] Here.

Sne. Hot liquor! I should faint away if I touched it.

Tom. And I should faint away if I didn't. [Stirring up the sugar.] Fingers was made afore spoons.

Sne. Then in the first place, my lord is demdably dipped in debt.

Tom. Never knew a young lord as wasn't.

Sne. So of late years we've been visiting foreign lands.

Tom. What they calls taking a tower.

Sne. Yes; we carried our own foxes, and, whilst we evaded our debts, taught the pardonnez mois hunting.

Tom. I see,—fox chasing to evade your debts, a sort of hunting tower.

Sne. But we are not down here solely to take possession: no, my lord is impulsive; in fact, demnably susceptible—you—understand?

Tom. Bless ye, yes: as Cooke says in Richard the Third, womanish and weak.

Sne. Incontrovertibly;—we saw a demned fine creature in town some months ago, at my lord's—she repulsed us.

Tom. Us! What, were you both arter her?

Sne. In fact, no; only my lord; when I say we, I mean he.

Tom. I see; cut on.

Sne. The more we keep on imploring, the more she keeps no, no, no-ing. By the death of the earl, we become her papa's landlord: so now, if the girl won't listen to reason, we shall turn the old rascal, her father, out of house and home.

Tom. [Suppressing his anger, rising, and leaning on the back of the chair.] But the old man's got a lease of his farm, I suppose?

Sne. No, no, it is a fact that there is not a lease upon the whole estate. The poor old stupe—that is—kicked the bucket.

Tom. The old earl—yes—

Sne. Yes, the old earl always said to his tenants, “Pay me what you paid to my father:” so the creatures have been for years enjoying their farms at half price.

Tom. Yes, and the new earl means—

Sne. To do what he likes with his own.

Tom. And when the Old Gentleman comes for you and your master, I hope he'll follow the example.

Sne. How d'ye mean?

Tom. Why, do what he likes with *his* own.

Sne. [Laughing.] He, he, he!—But to return to the girl: we're resolved to have her at any rate; so, if she has

any of her nonsense, we shall carry her off. In that case, you can aid us, and shall be well rewarded.

Tom. Carry off the girl!—perhaps an only child, hey? What's your price for breaking a father's heart?

Sne. Now, do you really think one of these rustic creatures has a heart—like mine for instance?

Tom. No, I'm d—d if he has! [About throwing the glass at him.] It isn't worth while to break the glass. Before I pound you into paste, tell me—Who is the girl?

Sne. Thomas, don't be violent—Thomas, don't look so angry—[Calling.] Landlord, I—I am—I say you ought to be taken care of—this is mono-mania—if you go on in this mad way, you must be sent to Coventry.

Tom. Oh, if it's mono-mania, I'm sure to be taken care of—no, I mustn't!—I must be sent to Oxford! Tell me her name, I say!

Sne. [Aside.] He'll foam at the mouth in a minute.
[Aloud.] I'll tell you all I know—Fanny Grantham.

Tom. [Aside.] Dang'd if I didn't think it was my Poll, for I'll swear she's prettiest girl in the village. *[Aloud.]* Now, you—you—you nothing in two boots!—Fanny's the pride of the country round; old rector gave her an education fit for a lady; she's the core of her father's heart; and if my lord dare say a wrong word to her, let him look to it! As to you, I'd—I'd break you on my knee, if it warn't for siling my breeches—I would!

Sne. Thomas, Thomas, this to an old friend!

Tom. Friend! Get out, you thread-paper! I won't believe my lord's neph'y's what you make him out! It's lickspittle sarvants like you that make the poor think ill of the rich, it is, in nine cases out of ten; it ain't the lords but their lacqueys. But I'll settle your ash!—[*The bell rings without.*]—Coming!—as sure as ever I see my lord—[*The bell rings again.*]—Coming!—I'll up and tell him. [*The bell rings violently.*] Odd rat it!—Coming! [*Exit, L.*]

Sne. It is a fact, that, that fellow's a perfect beast! I declare, from my head to my heel, I'm all goose's flesh. He'll betray me to my lord, will he? Luckily our yacht is in the neighbouring harbour, and plenty of men of war are in the downs, press gangs plentiful, sailors scarce. Thomas, you shall serve his majesty in less than four and twenty hours.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Village, as before.*

Enter the EARL OF MARLINGTON and FANNY, R.

Fan. My lord, this persecution must proceed no further.

Earl. Persecution! Do you give that name to the avowal of a love-fervent and unchanging—

Fan. My lord, did your rank permit you to ask my hand, I could not yield it. The protection I cannot hope from your principles, I may perhaps find in your politeness; you will not insult me further?

Earl. If to plead my passion be insult, I implore your pardon, though my heart tells me, I shall again relapse into the error.

Fan. Your passions, my lord, not your heart.

Earl. My passions then. My pretty casuist, for one moment hear me: you have been educated, Miss Grantham, far above your sphere; it was a fatal kindness in your patron.

Fan. I feel it so, now I have lost him.

Earl. You cannot mate with the peasantry around you; you will live here envied, maligned, and lonely. I offer you the gaiety of the metropolis, wealth, splendour, all things but name.

Fan. You offer that too—a name, that from the hour of woman's fall is never once forgotten—a name, that clings to her and her's—a name, to blight her here and whither her hereafter. My lord, may not our conference close now?

Earl. One thing more. 'Tis a pain to me to speak thus harshly;—your father has dwelt for years upon the lands that now are mine—he dwells here no longer; the debt, due to my late lord, my steward must collect.

Fan. Does Heaven give thee the power, and permit thee thus to use it?

Earl. It is you who make him homeless in his age, and reduced from the happy holder of a thriving farm, to become a houseless pauper.

[Retires. R. S. E.]

Fan. I will go home—Home! how long shall I possess one?—how long will a roof shelter his aged head? Hither comes my father. Oh! with what a heavy heart shall I reveal these tidings!

Enter GRANTHAM and FLORENCE HALLIDAY, L.

Flo. I am calm now, old man. I bow to his decree,—

but bear, bear with me yet ; the wounded heart bleeds on,
though all the world may preach philosophy.

Re-enter the EARL OF MARLINGTON, R. S. E.

Earl. Every farm without exception. I can listen to no idle tales ; it is enough, I want my land ; they can adduce no title to it, and I will have it.

Gran. What ! our farms ?

Fan. Be silent, father ; you have no legal claim upon the land you hold ; you were verbally a kind man's tenant. You may hold your land anew, but the tenure must be your daughter's shame.

[*Grantham and Fanny retire up, L., she explaining.*

Flo. You have begun well, Lord Marlinton, for the first time you set foot upon your newly-acquired land ; your first deed is, to call the poor man's hatred.

Earl. When I know whom I have the honour to address, I may perhaps reply.

Flo. I am Florence Halliday, your uncle's child.

Earl. Yes, I have heard—his—hem !—daughter.

Flo. His illegitimate daughter. I did not weave my destiny, nor you your's. I was the happy occupant of yon proud castle 'ere you were sent ; from that hour until this, (my fate apart,) Happiness has reigned around me ; you found content and joy—you work despair and desolation. Be warned !—Peace is not for him who maketh the poor man's home a wilderness !

*Enter GILES, TRAMP, BILL BOWYER, Villagers, &c.,
L. U. E.*

Giles. It can't be, I tell you ! What ! turn us all adrift ! Why, neighbour Grantham—

Gran. It is too true ; we must e'en bear it as we may. I am reft of hope and home !

Bill. Well, my lord can't take away my home—I have none.

Flo. [Relapsing into rage, c.] Ye have, murderer !—ye have !—the gibbet is thy home !—it yawns now for its tenant !

Fan. [Advancing, l. c.] You said you would be calm.

Flo. I am so. There stands the man who saw my husband slaughtered—yet never denounced the murderer !

[*Bill cowers beneath her glances.*

Enter SNEAKY, R. S. E.

Sne. I have executed your lordship's orders ; the labour-

ers will be here in a moment. Thomas, Thomas, you are doubled up and done for by this time.

Enter TOM TULLOCH, POLLY, Sailors, &c., R. S. E.

Tom. I will see my lord—there he is. Please, my lord, I'm Tom Tulloch, waiter at the “Star and Garter,” my lord: the crew of your yacht, and that snivelling warmint, pointed me out to the press gang.

Polly. Please you, my lord, to release him, he's going to marry me in a day or two. Set him at liberty, my lord, I'm sure I don't know what I shall do if you don't.

Earl. His majesty's service demands you. 'Tis not my province to interfere.

Tom. Thank you for nothing, my lord. Cheer up, Polly, they can't press you.

Gran. Come, release the lad. [Pointing to Bill Bowyer.] There is a fitter object for your purpose.

First Sailor. Aye, we'll have him too.

Bill. Well, take me—anything—anywhere, to free me from her gaze.

Flo. Be the waves more merciful to you, than you were to him who was my own. Droop not, friends and neighbours—elsewhere are yielding lands and fertile pastures—the same Power that made you happy here, shall guard you hence! Smile once again—gloom is for him who has wrought this desolation.

[*Music.—Tableau.*]

END OF ACT I.

 *A lapse of Twelve Months is supposed to have taken place.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Grantham's Lodgings.*

Enter GRANTHAM, R., reading a letter.

Gran. [Reading.] The sum has been long over due, and your conduct to Lord Marlington entitles you to no clemency. Well, be it so—“entitled to no clemency!” And what's my crime?—I won't sell my child to shame.—[Reading.] The law must take its course. Let it; it may make me a beggar, but it can't make me a villain. [Calling.] Polly! Polly, I say!

Polly. [Singing without.]

Merrily rang the village bells,
The morning that Maud was married ;
Merrily played old piper Tom
As the bride to the church was carried.

Enter POLLY MARIGOLD, R.

Gran. Bless thee, girl ! nothing but wedding runs in thy head.

Polly. Why, if a poor girl can't get married, it's some comfort to think about it ; and I'm sure, ever since poor Tom Tulloch's gone to sea, all the pleasure I have, is, to sing the bits of songs he loved to hear.

Gran. Long be thy heart light as 'tis now, my girl, and may it never know the heaviness that weighs upon mine. We, Mary, have now been twelve months in London ; my scanty savings have nearly wasted away ;—this letter sends me to a prison.

Polly. A prison !

Gran. And we must part, girl : you have thus far shared our fortunes.

Polly. And will still. Can't I work for you, and won't I ? Don't ye be so cast down, now don't. Though poor Miss Fanny can't get employment just now, she will soon ; and as to your prison, why, we can be cheerful even there ; she'll sit and sketch old scenes, and I'll sing you the old songs.

Gran. You've a kind heart, girl, but you little know what a prison is ; it will rest with my jailer whether I am to be solaced even by my child—you could not share my cell.

Polly. It's a very hard thing I can't go to prison when I want.

Enter FANNY GRANTHAM, L., with a newspaper.

Fan. Father ! dear father ! news, happy news !—Here it is. [Reading.] “From Bengal with dispatches, Lieutenant John Halliday.”

Gran. The widow's long-lost son !

Polly. What, handsome Jack Halliday, that used to come late and early to bring you little presents ! Do let me look. [Reads the paper.

Gran. You have let your wishes speak, my girl. What reason have you to think that this Lieutenant Halliday is poor Jack, long lost to us ?

Fan. My heart whispers me it is so.

Gran. Think it a dream, and forget it, girl. If fortune has thus far favoured him, he is above our station ; for, Fanny, I am a beggar, and in a few hours shall be a prisoner. Read that letter.

Polly. Well, now, I would not give twopence for such a paper as this ; here's a whole load of ship's news, and not one word about my Tom in it.

Fan. Cheer up, dear father ; we know the worst his malace can achieve. We live in a land, where the poor and honest debtor can regain his freedom, despite the mandate of a merciless creditor ; fortune will smile again ; I must strive anew ; do not weep, 'tis for woman, weak woman, to weep, not for man.

Polly. I could weep my own eyes out, and tear his eyes out. An earl ! lord of the manor !—the deuce take such manners, say I !—A peer ! to go and oppress a poor old farmer and two young innocent ducks like us !

Fan. Father, one effort at least let me make. If I may not see Lord Marlington, let me call upon his steward, Mr. Hobson.

Gran. 'Twill be in vain ; but I will not thwart thee. Let the worst come, girl ; whilst thou art left to thy poor old father, happiness will yet be the tenant of his heart.

[*Exit with Fanny, r.*

Polly. Poor dear girl !—Go to Hobson, the nasty sneaking old wretch ! I do believe, when that chap was made, Nature was short of hearts, and put in a flint instead of one. Then he was always sniggering after every girl in the village. Well, he's married, and settled now, for old Widow Watkins is a proper match for him. No, no, there is no hope for us in that quarter—no—but—here—[*Looking at the newspaper.*] Lieutenant John Halliday. How nice it sounds ! I wonder what they've made of my Tom ! I shouldn't be surprised if he was an admiral, or a general, or a corporal by this time. I never knew what a good thing learning was until now. If poor Tom had only known how to write, how many a heart-ache had been spared me ! If them as build churches are good Christians, them as build schools ain't far behind 'em. [*Folding up the paper.*] I'll put this under my piliow this blessed night, and I'll lay my shoes across, and then I know I shall have pleasant dreams of old times and poor Tom Tulloch.

SONG.—POLLY.

Oh, sad is her fate, who, left on the shore,
 Sighs for her lover a ranger,
 Gone to tack the wide world o'er
 In the land of the foe and stranger.
 The night's deep gloom, and the whistling wind,
 Bid the hapless girl bewail her ;
 And the rising storm but brings to her mind
 What storms may wreck her sailor.
 But sweet is the breath of the rising gale,
 When her lover's bark espying ;
 She watches the gleam of the snow-white sail,
 And sees the bright pennant flying.
 He nears the shore, she hears the voice
 That in weal or in woe won't fail her ;
 And she hails her heart's first only choice,—
 Her dear, returning sailor.

[Exit, R.

SCENE II.—*The "Shark and Compasses" Inn, at Portsmouth.*

Enter DABCHICK and JENNY, R.

Dab. Bustle, bustle, you Jenny ; here's the crew of the Rattlesnake bearing down upon us—flip for forty, and make it strong and sweet. [Exit, L.

Jen. Here they come ; I do love a sailor, he's bold-hearted as a lion, tender-hearted as a lamb.

Tom Tulloch. [Singing without, L.]

Here, my jolly Jack Linstock of Dover,
 He thought for to take her in tow ;
 But Poll answer'd, " My covey, I'm leary,
 And you'll never do for my Joe."

Enter Tom TULLOCH, L.

Bear a hand, my lads ! here we are on true British ground once more, and now—[Pauses and stares at Jenny.] Bless your sweet eyes ! what a pretty craft you are !—Why, let's look again—Jeuny Johnson !

Jen. Tom Tulloch !

Tom. Drat my old shoes if it ain't ! Why, Jenny, girl, it brings my heart back to its old moorings to see you. Well, and how's my Poll ? how are all at Caversham ?

Jen. Oh, Tom ! the old village has gone to wreck and ruin ; Lord Marlington has turned every tenant of his land.

Tom. Yes, but Poll—

Jen. Poor old Grantham and his daughter were forced to leave.

Tom. Yes, yes, but Poll—

Jen. Poor Widow Halliday has wandered no one knows where.

Tom. Yes, yes, bnt d—n it ! tell me of Poll.

Jen. Polly went to London with 'em.

Tom. Hurrah ! then I'm safe to see her ; Lieutenant Halliday and I are off to London.

Jen. Lieutenant Halliday ! what, poor Jack, Widow Halliday's son, him as they said was dead ?

Tom. He ain't been dead at all, don't you go to believe it : he was stolen away by the gang that killed his father ; the whole crew were taken by a king's ship ; captain took pity on the boy ; he turned out a true bit of stuff ; was the pet of the ship ; they made him a niddy ; now he's a lieutenant,—and if he don't die an admiral, I'm a grampus.— Give us your left flipper ! it's twelve months since I've looked in the face of a woman. No ring, hey ? Why, what sort of lubbers are they here at Portsmouth, that you ain't got a husband yet ? Those sparkling eyes of your's ought—

Jen. Psha ! what's the use of my eyes, when the puppies of Portsmouth won't open their's ?

[*Exit, R.*]

A bell heard.—Enter SNEAKY, R.

Sne. Can't I have a room where there are none of these pitch-and-tar fellows ?

Tom. Pitch and tar ! Why, you son of nobody out of nothing ! who are you rating after that fashion ?

Sne. Can I believe my ocular vision ? Why, Thomas—

Tom. Thomas ! you lot of no use at all, and not quite that !—yes, Tom Tulloch !—He that you got pressed and sent to sea.

Sne. Just as they served poor Billy Taylor, whom they pressed and sent to sea. Thomas, the ocean has improved you—what a tail you have, surely !

Tom. Why, you swab ! I ought to maciate you if I did right ; but forget and forgive is a sailor's maxim ;—and though I thought being pressed hard lines then, I'm happy now.

Sue. And, in fact, you really like the seafaring life?

Tom. Like it!—loves it: there's something about a ship that lays hold of a fellow's heart,—there she lies in a hull with all her guns and her powder, silent on the waters, like thunder asleep;—but, when she does wake, when the war-cry rouses her—

Sue. War-cry! then you have been in battle, Thomas? Were you not deninably afraid?

Tom. Why, to tell you the truth, I was afraid. I was bred a land-lubber, no better than yourself, and when the enemy neared us, I couldn't understand why a lot of French and Englishmen should in cold blood murder one another. A short of shiver came over me, and I asked myself one or two awkward questions; and the bad things as all of us do (good as we may seem) came crowding to my memory, and though I ain't done half as much harm as your thing of a master Lord Marlington, I began to think as I was scarcely fit to live.

Sue. Scarcely fit to live!

Tom. And so the more unfit to die!—and them's awkward lines, them are. Well, she neared us, opened her throat,—'twas the first time I had ever heard a two-and-thirty pounder,—swelling its way through water. Just at that moment, there was a young middy, a little yellow-haired boy, no bigger than this, looking at the conflict with the eye of an eagle; there he stood, a harmless child; the next moment the shot came, and there lay a headless corse, mangled and bleeding,—every drop of blood rose within me—I stood to my gun—smoke, fire, raged around us—I saw nothing, felt nothing, but a wish for vengeance!—The powder room had taken fire—masts, spars, sheets, every bit of her flew upwards—one horrid shriek, one sharp cry, and the next moment there they were, men and boys, as many as heaven spared, floating round the ship, and looking up to us their enemies for safety. "Man the boats—they're no longer foes!" says the captain. That was a scene, Barnaby, I never can forget.

Sue. And you saved these French creturs?

Tom. Saved 'em! aye, that we did: but now comes the worst on it.—These men, that we snatched from the very jaws of the ocean, were our prisoners—it's hard lines, isn't it, to save a man with one hand, and shackle him with the other of 'em. One of the mounseers, a poor deaf and dumb chap that had had his tongue taken out by the Al-

gerine pirates, turned out to have been an old pal of Bill Bowyer's. You remember Bill?

Sne. A filthy fellow, who smoked short pipes and drank spirituous fluids—oh yes!

Tom. Ever since that there Frenchman's been aboard, Bill's pined away just as if mounseer knowed summat of him as he didn't ought to have done.

Sne. What, you think something concerning poor Halliday, the murdered mate of that poor crazy creature?

Tom. Yes. I've marked Bill in the night-watch; he couldn't look straight forward at me, or upwards there.—Depend on it, things are wrong inwards when a man shrinks from his fellow, and fears what he ought to pray to.

Enter DABCHICK, L.

Dab. I've pleasant news for you. Captain Hawser, who died here the other day, commanded the Rattlesnake, which was to have sailed out of port a week since: the admiralty has appointed Lieutenant Halliday her commander, with orders for instant sailing; there's news for you! Why, you don't seem glad!

Tom. Glad! I could jump out of my shoes for joy, and the same time blubber like a babe—I'm glad for the lieutenant, sorry for myself.

Dab. I'll tell you something to make you gladder: the lieutenant's married, or will be married.

Tom. Married! who to?

Dab. A Miss Grantham.

Sne. Death to our hopes! he's got the girl of our hearts. But how—how, I say—how are they married?

Tom. How, you swab?—How does everybody get married? Drat it! if I had but time to see my Poll, I might be doing summat in that line myself! Well, duty afore pleasure, though I could have wished it wisey warcy. Scud and make a bowl of rumbo! [Exit *Dabchick*, L.] What a thing it is not to be a schollard. Here, you little snivelling scamp! you can write, can't you?

Sne. Upon any topics.

Tom. What do you know of the tropics? You see, I'm off into blue water once more, and I must tell Poll all in a letter—say I loves her more than ever, that I'll be as true as a needle to the north, and that I loves her more than ever, and that I'm sailing under Captain Halliday—and mind, I loves her more than ever—and that the idea of sailing without her brought salt water aboard my ogles—

and that I loves her more than ever—and—and—and—that's all.

Sne. Very well; you love her and will be as trne to her as the compass.

Tom. As the needle—tailor. Now, don't you forget to say all I've said, and above all be particular about this,—that I love her more than ever—aye, drat it! and more than that too.

[*Music.—Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*The Country House of Hobson.*

Enter HOBSON and FLORENCE HALLIDAY, R.

Hob. Duty's a stern thing, Mrs. Halliday; my heart is as tender as a babe's, but a landlord must be protected for all that.

Flo. On that point, Mr. Hobson, I shall urge no further; there is a subject much nearer to my heart—vague rumours reach me of one Lieutenant Halliday, and hope told me he was my child.

Hob. Never believe your hopes, ma'am—deceptive things—I never hoped after I was eighteen—I worked, Mrs. Halliday, worked night and day, till I scraped together the trifles I have; that wasn't done by hoping.

Flo. You are a wealthy man, I am a houseless wretch; your wishes are all fulfilled; what more have you to hope for?

Hob. A good deal more, ma'am: I have a little money, it's true, but I hope to have more, more, more.

[*Crosses to R.*

Flo. Then you do have hopes.—Cherish them; but chide not one who, reft of home and husband, guide and child, has nothing left to bear her up but hope.

Hob. Why, it's a very pretty thing when one has nothing left to live upon;—you, for instance, hoped to find your son. Now, had you not indulged in a false hope, you wouldn't have suffered this disappointment.

Flo. Still, dear was that hope—so dear, I cannot even now resign it. Pardon me for intruding further—but are you certified fully, fatally certified, that he I seek is not my son?

Hob. Fully certified. I couldn't learn who his family were, to be sure, but he's patronized highly at head quarters—and then—we generally guess all about the family, hey? [*She turns from him.*] No; this young Halliday, some off-shoot of nobility, and little better than a boy, couldn't

else be made a captain, depend upon it; mere merit never yet got such speedy promotion.

Flo. And his vessel, you say, has sailed—for what part?

Hob. Mum—not known—gone out with sealed orders—all done at a moment's notice—came ashore, got promotion and a wife the same day, and off to sea the next.

Flo. Providence watch over the waters!—guard the good ship through peril and through storm in the hour of danger!—shield him who commands her, though he be *not* my child!

Hob. Aye, very proper; for when ships are lost, it's a dreadful thing for the under-writers.

Mrs. Hobson. [Calling without, r.] Hobson, I say!

Hob. (r.) Coming, my dove. Mrs. Halliday, do you hear that voice? You have your troubles, I have mine.

Enter Mrs. Hobson, r.

Mrs. H. Hobson, pray didn't you hear me?

Hob. I did, love.

Mrs. H. Then why didn't you fly to me! Ugh! you're a he bear!

Hob. [Aside.] Yes, and I know who's the she bear.—Luckily we haven't any cubs.

Flo. I have detained you too long with my sorrows. Should you learn ought of that vessel's fate, you will, I'm sure, relieve my heart, for delusion as it may be, still do I cling to hope.

Hob. Oh, certainly, yes—good day, Mrs. Halliday.

Mrs. H. Mrs. Halliday! [Crossing to her.] Why, how you are altered!—you stare—have you forgotten me?

Flo. Why, I—Widow Watkins, I believe.

Mrs. H. Oh, no! poor dear fellow, he's dead!

Hob. [Aside.] Yes, worse luck. [Aloud.] I'm the happy man now.

Mrs. H. Hobson, you're a brute! Is this the way you receive Mrs. Halliday? keeping her kicking her heels in your office, never sending for me—nor offering her any refreshment, I'll be sworn!

Hob. My love, I forgot. [To Mrs. Halliday.] Will you take anything before you go?—don't say no.

Mrs. H. Is that the way to ask, you old dotard? Leave the room!

Hob. Yes, my dear, and glad to get out of it. [Exit, r.]

Mrs. H. Never mind, Mrs. Halliday; I'll teach the old fool to behave so to old acquaintances! Come, come, you

mustn't be so cast-down ; you look young and pretty yet. Why don't you follow my example ? I couldn't remain a lone woman ; it's a wretched state of existence,—so I took him after I lost poor dear Watkins—for even that idiot is better than no husband at all.

Flo. Long may you live to be happy with him.

Mrs. H. Oh ! I'm happy enough, dear—though he has little to do with my happiness. But tell me now, do you still live at Caversham ?

Flo. None live there ; my little cottage on the beach (my father's gift) was the last building razed to the ground.

Mrs. H. What, your cottage razed !—that love of a place, with the roses in front, and the peaches in summertime !

Flo. Yes ; it excluded the view from his lordship's lodge.

Mrs. H. (L. c.) It's a shame—a burning shame ! But they made you ample compensation ?

Flo. (L.) I had no claim to any, no title to produce ; it was only a verbal gift, and the law does not permit me to retain it longer.

Mrs. H. And they've turned you out—*you!* own blood to that racketting rascally Lord Marlington—you ! Oh ! Mr. Hobson ! you shall pay for this !—turn *you* out !

Flo. Even so. I came here with some faint hope that my lord——but no matter, I am used to sorrow, and can year it. Good morrow, madam.

Mrs. H. But you don't go in that way if I know it. I'm not proud, though I have had four husbands—no ! I remember, too, that in my poverty I was beholden to you ; it's *my* turn now. [Offering a pocket-book.] Take this—houseless and a stranger in London—you must take it.

Flo. I cannot—indeed, I cannot !

Mrs. H. But you must. What d'ye think I married that old booby for, but to have plenty of cash at my command. Don't I remember when my poor dear Hartley was lying at death's door, that no one came to pray with him or relieve me, but you—you, Florence Halliday !

Flo. [Taking the pocket-book.] I do accept it, and shall pray anew for her who has snatched from the jaws of destruction, a widow and an outcast. Farewell, and Heaven bless you !

[Exit, L.]

Mrs. H. What a fool I am to cry ; and I'm sure I don't know what I cry for, for I feel as happy—won't I worry that old villain of mine ! won't I, that's all !—not a wink of sleep does he get this blessed night !—Who knows what

perpetual vexation may do? If I ever should live to marry again—aye, no matter, there's no knowing what's reserved for one.

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE IV.—*The Cabin of the Rattlesnake.*

Enter LIEUTENANT HALLIDAY and TOM TULLOCH, C. F.

Lieu. Our bark can make no head against this sea; she reels as if she was drunk. [A crash heard without.

Enter BILL BOWYER and CACHET, R.

Bill. Four feet in the hold! Oh, save me! save me!

Lieu. Your dastard fears alarm our crew—be a man! we can but die.

Bill. It's well for you that you can die; you have not any cause to be afraid.

Lieu. Afraid, man! I am a British seaman, fulfilling to the best my duty. How does a man feel when he's afraid? —I need not ask how he looks.

Bill. Oh, your honour! there is no water in all the mighty ocean about us to drown Bill Bowyer; I've that here that weighs me down to death. [*Observing Cachet.*] He knows it—he knows it all!—don't turn away from a dying man! it's not dastard fear, but the heavy curse of a stricken-conscience man. John Halliday, I saw your father murdered!

Lieu. What!

Bill. I did not strike the blow—by heaven, I did not! But now I hear an accusing voice in every crash of the billow—fear, fear, is freezing up my heart!

Lieu. Innocent of his murder, what have you to fear?

Bill. He that permits crime is kin to him who commits it. It was said your father, my schoolfellow jolly Jack Halliday, meant to turn snitch to betray us his confederates; it was a lie, a damning lie!—but there was one who had cause to ship him far, far away—he resisted—I struck the first—no, no, not the fatal blow!—others fell upon him—the last struggle came, and I saw him fall dead as a stone. This paper contains the particulars of his fate, and the proof of your fortune. Do not break the seal until Bill Bowyer lies low. [*Giving papers.*] Here is the fatal evidence; [*Pointing to Cachet*] there the living witness. [*A crash again heard.*] I dare not, cannot die!

Lieu. Up, guilty man, up! the waters gain upon us—let us make one more effort, though that one be a death struggle! [Music.—*Exeunt*, L., *Cachet* ordering *Bill off*.

SCENE V.—*The Deck—the sea in commotion.*

END OF ACT II.

 A lapse of Seven Years is supposed to have taken place.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Mill of Caversham.*

Enter CAPTAIN HALLIDAY, L.

Cap. Well, well do I remember the old spot! and bitterly recall that fatal night when I saw my father—my own, dear, kind father, stricken down by the murderous crew that surrounded him; one face amid the murderers I never can forget. Father, father! I loved thee living—I saw thee die. I cannot avenge thy fate, 'tis left for me to weep above thy grave.—These tears are blinding me—where is my mother—dead too?—pining in poverty, or worse, far worse, withering in a workhouse! No, no! heaven will have spared her that! Arouse, Jack Halliday! hope is the sailor's beacon; we shall be happy yet,—for the brightest flashes always follow the darkest storm.

[*Tom heard singing without.*

Enter TOM TULLOCH, L. S. E.

Tom. [Crossing to R.] I'm blessed if I ain't as much puzzled as a Thames waterman would be to steer a 74 through the needles, as to make out a single craft I ever hailed before.—Is that you, your honour? Beg pardon, but your honour seems taken a little a-back.

Cap. A few sad thoughts of the old home, Tom Tulloch. I rejoice to find you merry—yet I'm the most miserable man alive.

Tom. Axing your honour's pardon, were I in your place I wouldn't care to call the lord high admiral my first cousin. I'm the most miserablest warmint on the earth; and you, spliced to the girl of your heart—haven't you turned pretty Miss Fanny Grantham into Mrs. Captain John Halliday,

and scudded down to these parts to come alongside your mother?—as to me, I never had one, worse luck; I've only pretty Poll, and I'm afeard she's drifted from her moorings.

Cap. Cherish hope as I do, and you'll hail her yet.

Tom. And I'm a Dutchman when I do, if I don't lay a shower of kisses on her lips as thick as the first coat of paint on a seventy-four! but I'm afeard she may have supposed that all on us went to Davy Jones seven years ago with the Rattlesnake.

Cap. Fear not that: she is doubtless aware that we escaped the horrors of that frightful night.

Tom. She is!—Huzza! your honour makes me as happy as a middy on a pay-day.

Cap. Tom, you have stood by me in peril; to your powerful arm on that dreadful night I owe the life of dear Fanny.

Tom. Don't mention it, your honour.—Why, I'd help the very devil himself if he was drowning, and it's hard if I couldn't do as much for such an angel as that.

Cap. The papers given to me by Bowyer make me heir to Caversham. Cheer up! your Poll shall be found.

[*Exeunt, r.*

SCENE II.—*Lord Marlington's House—chairs, and a table, r. c., with wine, papers, books, &c., on it.*

The EARL OF MARLINGTON discovered walking to and fro, HOBSON in waiting, r.

Hob. You find all as I said, my lord?

Earl. I know it, I know it.

Hob. All squandered—gone—made ducks and drakes of—but then, you've had your pleasure for't.

Earl. Pleasure! Look upon me, old man—have eight years wrought this change? I have blasted my youth and fortune in the vortex of dissipation, and the world terms it pleasure.

Hob. But you've had your enjoyments, equipage—all were yours—gaming—wine—women—

Earl. Yes, madness at the dice board; drunkenness to drive away the sense of loss—and women—such women! one smile from her who can truly love, is worth all the caresses the wantons of the world can proffer.

[*Goes to the table, r. c.*

Hob. Just what I said when I married Mrs. Hobson—forgive me for lying. [Aside.] I have him now.

Earl. [Sitting.] I see by this, that I am no longer master even in my own mansion.

Hob. Just so, my lord ; you would mortgage all.

Earl. The Caversham estates still tied up in chancery under an idle pretence of a will that no one ever saw.

Hob. They may not have seen it, and yet they may.

Earl. Well then, I am a beggar. [Sits and drinks.] Here I sit, the wreck of pleasure—the monument of vice ! Drink, man, drink ! sorrow never yet proved a remedy for ruin.

Hob. I could devise a remedy—[*The Earl laughs*]—reinstate your lordship in wealth and power. [*The Earl again laughs*.] I am no jester, my lord ; all this I can do.

Earl. What is this remedy ?

Hob. Will your lordship bear with your old servant ?—To you I owe all I possess : I should be happy to yield up the fruits of my years of labour to you—from whose family my fortune sprang.

Earl. Nobly offered, Hobson. Accept my thanks, but keep your gold, old man ; 'twould not become Lord Marlington to be the pensioner of his steward.

Hob. No pensioner : grant but one condition, I will be your servant—your slave—toil anew for you on one condition.

Earl. Name it.

Hob. My lord, you have looked upon me as a relentless man, fattening on your folly ;—but I have feelings—even lawyers can love,—I married early—have an only daughter —wed Marian Hobson.

Earl. Mr. Hobson, this is the first time my servant dared to insult me. Quit my house !

Hob. My house, my lord ! my house ! I hold the mortgage—the bill of sale ; in this house your lordship is a trespasser.

Earl. [Aside.] Now I feel to the full the degradation vice entails ; my own servant braves me thus. Hold ! there is one hope ! [Aloud.] Come hither. Mr. Hobson, what if I should comply ?

Hob. My dear lord, forgive me if I was presumptuous, but you wounded my heart. I love my child—even lawyers have feelings—shall I live in the hope that I may call you my son ?—say but that—another glass of wine. [Goes up.]

Earl. [Aside.] I must swallow the bait, or seem to do so. To woman my life has been one long lie—I need not

pause to outlie my steward. [Aloud.] Here's to Marian Hobson !

Hob. One word more.

Earl. Here's to the Countess of Marlington !

Hob. Forgive me for daring to drink in your lordship's presence. Here's to my child, my dear, my lovely child—Marian, the future Countess of Marlington !

Earl. [Aside.] I said not that. [Aloud.] And now, Hobson, your scheme, your scheme. [They sit.]

Hob. In one word, Captain John Halliday is rightful heir—not alone to Caversham, but to all lands, money, title—[The Earl starts.] None know it but me ; all thought Florence Halliday a bastard : she was none ; her mother was secretly married ;—I have the proofs, and can destroy them. There is indeed a will, a copy of which exists ; the certificate of marriage I hold. Bless me ! you turn pale—more wine !

Earl. No—a sudden faintness—leave me alone for a few minutes.

Hob. It's merely joy of your recovered fortune.

Earl. No doubt—leave me, I entreat you.

Hob. Entreat ! command me ! I'll fly to Marian—I go, my lord—entreat, indeed—to the last shilling—to the worst act—even to murder, if it was to serve you, my lord—my son-in-law—you may, you shall command me ! [Exit, L.]

Earl. I have sunk low indeed, when living man dare ask Marlington to connive at robbery. What, what can tear this agony from my breast ?—what retribution ! Sweet Fanny Grantham, how fain would I make thee mine—mine at the altar !—fall a repentant libertine at thy feet, and pray for pardon ! That dream is over, you are another's, but I can aid your fortune ; I may meet them all with fallen fortune and humbled pride, but I shall boast of something better—a generous purpose and a guiltless heart !

[Exit, L.]

SCENE III.—*The Ruined Village.*

Enter FLORENCE HALLIDAY, L.

Flo. Heaven be thanked ! I am not strengthless yet.—I have reached the ruin that was once a home. There is the old church to which a mother led my infant steps ; within the crumbling altar, where I breathed the vow of love and honour,—say, murdered dear one, has not Florence Halliday kept that vow, even to the letter ? As I clung to thee

living, so I adore thee dead,—thou wert everything to me—life of my life—care of my heart; and now, after the long sad years, one joy is left me—to perish at thy grave! Why should a hopeless wretch live on with none to love, and none who love her?—lonely, lonely, lonely! Oh! there is no solitude like the solitude of the heart. Farewell, bright sky—sweet vision of hereafter! [Kneeling.] Eternal power! forgive a suppliant sinner—and now comes the deep, the long sleep—when it is thy will—thy will—

[Faints.]

Enter HOBSON and Officers, L.

Hob. I tell you we can't have such goings on;—I'll not have anything of the kind occur on the estate. Raise her! [Calling.] Hoy, you—good woman, (if you are a good woman,) what do you want here?

Flo. I want to die.

Hob. Die! then go into the next parish—you can't die here—you'll become chargeable to us.

Flo. I shall soon be chargeable to none; I am dying.

Hob. Oh! pooh, pooh! that's what all you paupers say.—Dying indeed! what should make you die? [The Officers raise her.] There, you'll do well enough now—on with you!

Flo. You have forgotten me—aye, no matter, all forget Florence Halliday—do you not know me now?

Hob. In the performance of my duty I know nobody.

Flo. Do your duty, then—heaven asks no more of any man. My duty calls me hither—yonder is the grave of Halliday. I do not crave your charity; I ask but leave to die beside my husband. [Kneels.]

Hob. Can't allow it! paupers must be separated! Away with her! [The Officers raise her, and are dragging her off.]

Enter CAPTAIN HALLIDAY, L.

Cap. [Looking back.] I know the fields, the streams; but where, where are the dwellings? The village that was once so happy—[Turning.] Whither are they taking yon poor woman?

Hob. Not far—just beyond the bounds of the parish.

Cap. And whence then?

Hob. Oh! where she pleases—she may go wherever she likes, so she don't become burthensome to our parish.

[Crosses to L. C.]

Cap. When the long reckoning comes, old man, title,

clime, or place will share alike—Providence cares for all parishes.

Hob. Yes, but then providence isn't a church-warden.

Cap. Here my good woman is something to help you on your way. Why do you refuse my offer?

Flo. Kindness is a stranger to me;—but if you would indeed be kind, send these fellows hence. I want no gold, a little spot of earth here, here, beside my husband's grave, is the only boon man can grant to Florence Halliday.

Cap. Florence Halliday!—Heart, heart!—why do you not speak, since my tongue cannot?—Mother!

Flo. Ye shall stand from me! [Breaks from the men.] Come—no nearer—I see a form long since shrouded in the grave—I hear a voice—the voice of other days! Your name?

Cap. John Halliday,—and your's is—

Flo. Florence—your mother! your happy, happy mother! [Rushing into his arms.] My boy, my boy—blessed image of thy father!—Heaven has heard my prayer!

[Faints in his arms.]

Cap. Do I hold thee once again? [The Men advance.] I do not need your aid—'tis but the sudden gush of joy—she'll be better soon—she breathes again, her lips regain their colour. Mother, dear mother!

Hob. Young man, I don't know who you are; you seem to be a sailor, and perhaps don't know the law; you are resisting authority; that woman must be removed. [To the Men.] Take charge of her.

Cap. Touch her, and I crush you, minions!—touch her, dare to look upon her, or to breathe one word, and I'll send you to the grave that yawns for you! Mother, source of my life, fountain of my heart—cling to me—Ah, thou art strengthless! Come, then, I'll bear thee in my arms. How often have I been borne in thine! [To Hobson.] Old man, we shall meet again.

[Music.—Exit, r., carrying Florence.]

Hob. Heels for two? [Exit, r., followed by Officers.]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Tom Tulloch and Tramp, l.

Tramp. So, you can't trace your Polly yet. Have you found out Sneakey and Dabchick? they might tell you: where are they?

Tom. Where? going up them everlasting stairs as arn't

got no banisters ; and here I am adrift, steering without port or compass.

Tramp. But you, a sailor, shouldn't fret in this way about a woman.

Tom. Why, what the devil should one fret about but a woman ? Man's a bit of d—d mouldy biscuit, woman's the grog that sweetens it. Take all the men in the warsal world, and boil 'em down, you wouldn't make a good woman out of them. Woman ! why, paradise warn't paradise without one.

Tramp. Don't take it so to heart, you'll find her.

Tom. Drat me if I don't knock at every door in London but I will !

Tramp. Knock at every door in London ! that will be a toughish job, Master Tulloch.

Tom. Yes ; I expect I shall be an old man before I've done it, so let's lose no time in beginning. Scud, Tramp ! you take the right side, I'll take the left ; and mind you axes proper for Mary Marigold.

[*Exeunt, Tom r., Tramp, l.—Loud knocking heard at the doors—they gradually die away.*

Enter POLLY MARIGOLD, as a ballad singer, L. S. E.

Polly. I've no heart to siug, and no bread if I don't,—it's "No song no Supper" in earnest with me. I wonder what rich people think when on the cold winter's night they hear the poor ballad girl singing, "Home sweet home?"

[*Knocking heard without.*

Polly. [Singing.]

"'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

[*Knocking again heard.*

Ah ! that dear old village, and that dearer Tom Tulloch !—shall I ever see him again ? [*Knocks heard.*] No, there is no hope ; he sleeps in the deep waters, and I can't even shed a tear over his grave. [*Knocks heard again.*] Not a farthing have I taken this blessed morning. I must try a merry song—Merry ! ah ! it's one thing to amuse others—another to feel joy oneself.

[*Knocking heard without, R. and l.*

MEDLEY.—POLLY.

I've lays of love and songs of sorrow—
Of happy days and joyless morrow—

Of lonely maid in bower waiting—
 Her lover's lost 'mid battles war—
 Or wilder'd wife her husband sailing—
 Or breathless cast upon the shore.

For merrier maids I've a merrier song,
 Row de dow, derro.

Of warriors cheerily marching along,
 Row de dow.

For the trumpet calls the soldier far,
 Yet one fond tie shall bind him ;
 To the king he serves—the land he loves—and the girl be
 left behind him.

But dearer far to woman's heart—
 The fond, the warm emotion—
 She feels for him who sails afar
 Upon the boundless ocean.

For a sailor's the lad that first caught Polly's fancy,
 Though hard fate compelled them to part ;
 He might jest with young Sue, or might prattle to Nancy,
 But Polly alone had his heart.

He loved her he swore dearer far than his life,
 And returning with rapture would hail her ;
 And this the toast he loved the most,—
 The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor.

Re-enter TOM TULLOCH, R.

Tom. [Entering.] Drat me, if that voice arn't shaken
 me from stem to stern. I say, old girl——eh ! shiver my
 timbers !—my heart's taken aback, and my glims turned
 into dead eyes !—Poll ?

Polly. Tom !

[They embrace.]

Tom. My Poll ! my own Poll !! hug me again, Poll !!!

Polly. [Rushing to him, but suddenly stopping.] You
 arn't gone and got married, have you, Tom ?

Tom. Married ! no ! if a mermaid had asked me, I
 wouldn't have had her.—But Poll—how is this, my Poll
 bawling ballads in the public streets ?

Poll. Misfortune, Tom : master was bankrupt, and I
 cast on the world ; then you were at sea, taken by that
 horrid pressgang, and forced to be a sailor.

Tom. Poll, don't say a word agen the sea ; it's a hard
 life to be sure, but it has it's joys ; and if we are penned
 up for a few months, what sprees we have when on liberty
 ashore !

Polly. Ah! Tom, to press a man and make him a sailor whether he will or no—do you call that liberty?

Tom. Yes, it's the liberty of the press. [*Polly picks up the basket.*] But Poll, why how you are rigged!—drat it! it breaks my heart to see you in such togs.

Polly. Never mind, Tom; I could have had fine clothes, but you know the price I must have got them at.

Tom. You shall have fine clothes now, and the price shall be an honest sailor's love. Hurrah! here's a slop-shop! in with you, Poll! [*Putting her into the shop.*] Here, missus; don't stand for the shiners, Poll, there's plenty more in the locker. [*Polly enters the shop, c. f.*] Poor Poll a ballad singer! Well, there arn't no shame in that. [*Knocking heard without.*] Where is that swab now, I wonder? [*Calling.*] Tramp, ahoy! you needn't knock no more, I've found Poll, so come alongside, messmate! [*Pulls TRAMP on, R.*] Tip us your flipper! I'm as happy as a middy the first day he's rated. [*Calling.*] Poll, arn't you rigged yet?

Tramp. Well, but you take away my breath—how—where—tell me all.

Tom. Why, d—me, I've found Poll, and that's enough. [*Calling again.*] Poll, I say, are you not rigged yet? bear a hand, my lass, do!

Tramp. [*Kicking Polly's things about.*] What rubbish is this here?

Tom. Don't you go to kick it;—it's a shocking bad bonnet 'tis true; but it was my Poll's, and the man's no man who doesn't reverence the verriest rag that ever covered the form of a woman.

[*Picks up the 'kerchief, and ties it round his neck.*]

Tramp. This is great luck, to be sure: but how did you find her, promiscuous?

Tom. Promiscuous! no, singing. Why, drat my old shoes! Poll, are you coming yet? Here, Tramp, off with you to the "Rodney's Head"—order—order—

Tramp. What? what am I to order?

Tom. Order 'em to boil everything that's in the house, and roast the rest.

Tramp. And the grog—

Tom. Let 'em turn the waterbutt into a punchbowl—hail all my messmates—won't we make a night of it! [*Calling.*] Poll Marigold, ahoy!

Poll. [*Within.*] Be with you in a minute, Tom.

Tom. Bless your sweet voice! it rang in my ears when

the storm was at its full, and I thought all was over with poor Tom Tulloch.

Polly. [Within, singing.]

“ There’s a sweet little cherub sits perch’d up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.”

Tom. [Taking off his hat.] Why don’t you take off your hat, you lubber, when prayers is saying?

Tramp. Prayers! a trumpery song.

Tom. Trumpery! our captain says it’s as good as a hymn: it was written by old Charley Dibdin, who did as much to cheer a sailor’s heart as any parson as ever preached. [Calling.] Ain’t you rigged yet, Poll?

Re-enter POLLY from the shop, c. f.

Polly. [Singing as she enters.]

“ The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor.”

Tom. There’s a craft, look at her stem and stern! Bless your figure-head! [To Tramp.] Heave a-head, messmate! I and Poll will follow.

Polly. [Gathering up her bonnet and ’kerchief, and making them into a bundle.] And take these things with you, sir, please.

Tramp. Oh, leave em, Poll, they arn’t no use.

Polly. Yes, they are, I’ll keep ‘em the longest day I live to remind me of the happy moment when I met you, Tom. [Exit Tramp with the apparel, r.

Tom. [Calling after him.] Take care of them there things; they’re more precious than diamonds. I say, Poll, you arn’t got a watch; here, take one of mine. [She puts it on.] Here, d—me, put ‘em on t’other side. [Looking at her.] I could sail round you for a year; why, Poll, you’re prettier than ever.

DUET.—POLLY and TOM.

Polly. Though ribbons and laces adorn pretty faces,
Give me the fond bosom devoid of all art;
Bright eyes, ruddy lips, and a hundred fine graces
All fade into nothing compared to the heart.

Tom. Long life to the petticoats, big ones or small,
For women, ecod, I’m in love with them all!
The lubber who’d marry for land or for pelf,
May go—to the devil and shake himself.

Both. Go to the devil, &c.

Tom. A woman to bless him, to cheer and caress him,
What wants a man more on the ocean of life?

Polly. And of all the dear words that the language possesses,
The dearest of all is that little word wife.

Tom. Oh Poll, what a scrimmage the morning of marriage;

Polly. The fare shall be good, though I served it on delf;
And the creature that sighs for a title and carriage

Tom. May go to the devil and shake herself.

Both. Go to the devil, &c.

A DOUBLE HORNPIPE.

[*Exeunt*, l.

SCENE V.—*A Room.*

Enter MARLINGTON and CAPTAIN HALLIDAY, l..

Cap. Marlington, you have acted nobly.

Mar. Justly, no more; believe me, though I may not resign my possessions without a sigh, yet I rejoice that wealth and title are so worthily disposed.

Enter FANNY and MRS. HOBSON, l..

Fan. Husband! dear husband! the papers are secure, and you, love, are now Earl of Marlington.

Cap. (r. c.) But my mother—

Mrs. H. (l. c.) Ah, you men think yourselves very clever, but your best schemes are generally aided by the wit of woman.

Fan. (c.) Come, let us fly with the welcome news to her that I love even as a parent.

Mar. (r.) Madam, years since you saw in me a persecutor, you now behold a penitent. Your pardon is a balm to my heart, though I go forth a beggar.

Cap. No, never! He that was once Earl of Marlington, shall share the fortunes of him who now claims that title.

[*Exit with Fanny and Marlington, r.*

Mrs. H. What clever noddies these men are!—But there's a little more to be done yet. [*Calling off.*] Here, mister!

Enter TOM TULLOCH, l..

Your name is Tulloch?

Tom. Yes, marm.

Mrs. H. You have got this poor deaf and dumb man in readiness?

Tom. Ready, marm, as old seamen when they pipe all hands to grog.

Mrs. H. Be at hand the moment I call, and bring with you those I desire.

Tom. Aye, aye, marm. I say, I've found my Poll, and I can't cut her adrift at a moment like this.

Mrs. H. Certainly not, bring her too. And now, Tom Tulloch, will you have a glass of grog, a dram, or a sneaker of punch?

Tom. Why, if you please, ma'am, I'll have the dram now, and I can have the grog while you're a mixing the punch.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE VI.—*The Village, as in Act I, Scene I.*

Enter CAPTAIN HALLIDAY, FLORENCE HALLIDAY, FANNY and MRS. HOBSON, L. U. E.

Cap. Up, mother, up ! we tread no stranger's land ; I am Lord of Caversham.

Fan. Here is the certificate that proves thy mother the wife of the late earl.

Flo. Not for the gold—not for the gold—not for the wealth, honour, dignity, do I thank thee, my Father ! Ye have washed away the stain from my mother's name—ye have swept off the bolt from my brow ! Mother, from thy throne in heaven bless thy child !

[*Music.—She kneels, c.—The Captain raises her.*

Enter HOBSON, r.

Hob. I've been plundered—my secret safe has been extracted from the wall—but I'll have justice—the robber shall be punished—let me know the thief !

Mrs. H. [Coming forward, l. c.] Here, my love, I'm the thief ; don't rave, dear, you know the law—a wife can't rob her own husband. With all your worldly goods you me endowed, and I've given some of those goods to their rightful owners.

Hob. Devil—devil !

Mrs. H. No, dear, at the worst only the devil's wife.

Cap. My sum of happiness is full—my mother, my wife—Jack Halliday has no more to ask. You smile not, mother.

Flo. The child shall forget the father, and kindred let the grass grow up between their dwellings ; but our love

lives on through all—a love unkindness cannot crush, nor long years whither. Go, boy, be happy ; and happiness to thee, fair girl. Florence Halliday has but one thought—the memory of an only love—the cry of retribution on her husband's murderer.

Hob. Murderer ! these slanders shall be answered for.

Enter TOM TULLOCH, CACHET, and Villagers, L.

Tom. Oh, d—me ! I'll answer 'em—I wish I had you at the gratings.

Hob. What evidence have you to sustain that woman's charge ?

Flo. What ! thy cowering eye, that dare not meet my gaze !—thy faltering lip, that quivers now with consciousness of guilt !—thy coward heart, where dwells the gnawing agony of the first cursed one—murder !

Hob. Bowyer is graved ; show me a living evidence.

Tom. Come alongside, messmate ; you saw the blow struck ? [Cachet intimates that he did.

Flo. Bid him point out the wretch that struck the fatal blow. [Cachet points at Hobson.

Tom. John Hobson !

Cap. Wretch !

Hob. This is no court of law, nor you my judge ; let the worst come, I have one comfort left me, that death will rid me of the devil. [Exit, R.

Mrs. H. The same to you, dear. Well, time will show ; who knows but I may have a fifth husband yet ! [Exit, R.

Flo. It is accomplished, and Florence Halliday has no more to ask—no, my son, your mother shares this general joy.

Tom. General joy ! then drat me, if Poll shan't come in for a share. [Calling off.] Polly, ahoy !

Polly. [Without, L.] Tom Tulloch, ahoy ! [Singing.]

“ She hails her heart's first only choice,
Her dear, her returning sailor.”

Enter POLLY MARIGOLD, L.

Polly. Beg pardon, I'm sure.

Cap. No pardon is needed ; Tom Tulloch's wife shall always find a welcome.

Tom. D'ye hear that, Poll ?

[They retire up.

Flo. And now, my son, the ruined waste shall bloom once more ; Caversham shall be what Caversham was,— for with happy hearts and grateful souls, all who have so long been wanderers shall return to "Our Village!"

FINALE.—AIR, "*The Campbells are coming.*"

Polly. Back, back to our village with joy we go,
Back, back to our village with joy we go ;
Old Grantham shall teach you to reap and to sow,
When back to our village with joy we go.

Fan. The banner shall wave on the lordly hall ;
The lowly vassal shall come at thy call ;
The ox shall be roasted, the barrel shall flow,
When back to our village with joy we go.

CHORUS.

Back, back to our village with joy we go,
Back, back to our village with joy we go ;
The ox shall be roasted, the barrel shall flow,
When back to "Our Village" with joy we go.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Villagers. *Villagers.* *Villagers.*

GRAN.	FLO.	CAP.	FAN.	TOM.	POLLY.	CACH.
R.]						[L.

THE END.

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